

## Creep by orphan\_account

**Series:** [Jonathan Byers Learning How to Date \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Multi, not really though the legal age of Indiana is sixteen, underaged

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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**Summary:**

It all started like one of the millions of other nights they all spent together: Nancy and Steve unashamedly changed into their pajamas while Jonathan hurriedly stripped and redressed in the corner, and Nancy chided him when he offered (not for the first time that evening) to sleep on the floor. When they settled into bed, with Jonathan as close to the edge of Steve's pulled-out trundle as it would allow, Nancy kissed both him and Steve and turned out the light. Then, Steve and Nancy waited their courtesy forty five minutes to go to town on each other.

## Creep

It all started like one of the millions of other nights they all spent together: Nancy and Steve unashamedly changed into their pajamas while Jonathan hurriedly stripped and redressed in the corner, and Nancy chided him when he offered (not for the first time that evening) to sleep on the floor. When they settled into bed, with Jonathan as close to the edge of Steve's pulled-out trundle as it would allow, Nancy kissed both him and Steve and turned out the light. Then, Steve and Nancy waited their courtesy forty five minutes and go to town on each other.

It wasn't the first time this has happened. It was, however, the first time this has happened while they were all dating. All previous times when Nancy and Steve had sex in the room while (they assumed) Jonathan was asleep had been with him politely ignoring them from the floor.

It was easier to not watch, from down there. When Nancy and Steve wanted their alone time, Jonathan could just press his back to Steve's bed frame and squeeze his eyes shut. He never plugged his ears, which was selfish and perverted of him, but this situation made him feel like a whole different type of pervert.

He didn't turn away, this time.

Jonathan felt disgusted. Like a creep, which Steve had called him earlier, before they were all friends (LONG before they were dating, but Jonathan doesn't like to think about his life before that). Nancy and Steve had been having sex long before Jonathan entered the picture, and the closest Jonathan had ever gotten was when they were all making out and he'd gotten a boner, and that had been interrupted by Joyce announcing her arrival home.

Sufficed to say, Jonathan really wasn't jealous. The relationship was still so new for him to be. He just wanted, and didn't know how to say.

So he watched when Steve slipped under the blankets and Nancy sighed, putting her arms above her head and closing her eyes. She was backlit by the moonlight, and she looked elegant. Jonathan pulled the blanket to his chin and just watched.

The lump that was Steve's head moved to about where Nancy's hips might be, and Nancy bit her lip. They were both so quiet when they

did this that the only way Jonathan knew for certain when they had been having sex in the past would be Nancy asking afterwards if Steve thought he'd heard.

And maybe he would, but what if it? They hadn't been bashful enough to ever stop. If they caught him, would it be reasonable to feign offense? Jonathan didn't want to lie to them, but admitting to having listened in the past might be enough of an incentive to do so. They were all dating now, though. Would they even be mad if they knew Jonathan was watching?

Would they ask him to join?

The idea made Jonathan shudder. He clapped a hand over his mouth. It was too late. Nancy noticed and opened her eyes, turning to Jonathan.

He couldn't breathe. His heart was hammering in his chest by the time Nancy reached across the pillow to grab his hand.

She pulled him closer to her, and Jonathan moved so eagerly that he hit Steve's shoulder. But Steve didn't startle. He didn't even pause, just grabbed Jonathan's thigh and scrabbled around until he found his dick.

When Steve started petting him through the rough cotton material of his pajama pants, Jonathan pressed his face into the pillow with a groan. Nancy took Jonathan's hand and kissed his knuckles before slipping it under the blankets.

Steve's hair was curly and soft when Jonathan threaded his finger's through it. He didn't really know what to do, had no direction, so he felt relieved when Nancy took his hand again and put it on her breast.

It didn't take her long after that.

Jonathan was amazed, how his fumbling hands pinching and rubbing her through her silly camisole was what pushed her over the edge. She started panting, and, with her jaw slack and eyes closed, she moaned and arched her back, pressing Steve's face into her over the covers. Jonathan's dick twitched, and Steve squeezed.

When he was finished, she smiled and kissed Jonathan deeply before pushing his shoulder, when sent him into his back. Steve popped his head out from under the covers and raised his eyebrow at her.

"Him next," she whispered.

Steve scoffed, "Well, yeah, of course him next. I'm just pissed that you kept him all to yourself."

Nancy cuffed him lightly on the ear, "Don't be a dick. He just got

comfortable to actually look at us, for god's sakes."

"So you got selfish?"

"Yes, I did."

Steve rolled his eyes.

"You're gonna owe me," he said, slipping down Nancy's body and back under the covers.

Nancy laughed, "We can fuck afterwards. How does that sound?"

Steve made a noise of approval before pressing his thumbs into Jonathan's hips.

"You don't have to do this," Jonathan said shakily when Steve's breath ghosted over his naval, "I can finish myself. I don't want to ask too much of-"

Steve interrupted him but pulling down his waistband and licking the head of his dick.

Jonathan made a pathetic noise and turned his face to the pillow.

Nancy put her hand on the side of his face and rubbed his cheek.

"You don't have to do that," she said, "he actually likes giving head."

Steve started licking down Jonathan's shaft as if to prove her point, and Jonathan choked.

Nancy shushed him, putting her thumb on his lip.

"Yeah, it's pretty weird, I know," she said, stroking his bottom lip, "but it's what he likes."

She slid her hand down his shoulder and laced their fingers together.

"It's different, for guys, I think," Nancy continued, "they like feeling mouths. They like how a blowjob feels over a handjob."

Steve started massaging his balls, and Jonathan moaned before nodding.

"See, I like hands more," she said before shoving his hand in between her legs.

Jonathan whined and started rubbing at her frantically before Steve took him all the way in and bobbed his head.

"Oh, you're so good at this," she whispered.

Jonathan opened his eyes to see her look focused, with her forehead scrunched up and her jaw set. He was about to ask what she'd want her to do before Steve pulled off his dick with a comical "pop" noise and started to talk.

"Are you fingering her?" Steve asked, muffled by the blankets.

Nancy squirmed on Jonathan's fingers and put her hand over his when he stopped moving, "He was."

"Selfish!" Steve said with mock horror before going back to sucking

Jonathan.

She pressed two of Jonathan's fingers inside her and said, "That's it. Just curl your fingers and press, and I'll-"

Nancy threw her head back into the pillow when Jonathan did as she said, and buried his face into her neck.

"I'm so close," he said, "I want to make you come. I-I want to make Steve come-"

Nancy put her hand on his cheek, holding him to her. She slipped her hand down and moved Jonathan's fingers to her clit.

"I want you to fuck me," she murmurs into his ear, "or I want you to fuck him. Or I want him to fuck us. I don't know which would be better."

Jonathan pants into her throat and says, "I'm going to come. God. Jesus Christ."

He grabs Steve's shoulder and tries to warn him, but Steve pushed his hand away and took him all the way.

Jonathan shouted and came harder than he's ever had in his life.

When Steve caught his breath and came up from the blankets a minute later, he fell on top of Jonathan and thanked him. Jonathan could feel how hard he was against his hip.

"What do you want us to do?" Nancy asked, leaning over Jonathan to play with Steve's hair.

"I want you to let me do that. Everyday, for the rest of my life," he said from where he was collapsed on Jonathan's chest, "but I'll settle for fucking you right now."

Nancy plucked at the waistband of Steve's boxers and said, "Get these off and I'll see what I can do."

### **Author's Note:**

I'm sorry team